 CONTINUES CONTINUES CONTINUE

BY STEPHEN C

The table at his friend, "If a man thinks a heap of two violets, how much would be think of a thousand violets."

"Two into a thousand goes five hundred times, you fool," said Pennoyer. "I would answer your question if it were not upon a fort-idden subject."

In the distance Wrinkles and Florinda were making welsh-rabbits. "Hold your tongue," said Hawker. "Barharians."

"Grief," said Pennoyer, "if a man loves a woman better than the whole universe, how much does he love the whole universe?"

distant merry beits might nave bean on boats floating down it. Grim loneid unknown places. He succept the street which was being repaired. "Billie." said the siris undenly, "what makes you so mean to me?"

A peaceful cifizen emerged from behind a pile of debris, but he might not have been a peaceful citizen, so the girl clung to Hawker. "Why, I am not mean to you, am I?" he said. "Yes," she answered. As they stood on the steps of the flat of innumerable fire escapes, she slowly turned and looked up at him. Her face was of a strange pallor in this darkness, and her eyes were as when the moon shines in the street which was being repaired.

"Billie." said the girl suddenly, "what makes you so mean to me?"

A peaceful cifizen emerged from behind a pile of debris, but he might not have been a peaceful citizen, so the girl clung to Hawker.

"Why, I am not mean to you, am I?" he said. "Yes," she answered. As they stood on the steps of the flat of innumerable fire escapes, she slowly turned and looked up at him. Her face was of a strange pallor in this darkness, and her eyes were as when the moon shines in the street which was being repaired.

"When delighted I am to see you again." She had said: "Why, Mr. Hawker in when she entered the room have critical emerged from behind a pile of debris, but he might not have been a peaceful citizen, so the girl clung to Hawker.

"How delighted I am to see you again." She had said: "Why, Mr. Hawker in when she entered the room have estain dramatic limpuisveness. But when she entered the room h "Penny," raid Grief looking across

"Gawd knows," said Grief, piously. "Although it Ill befits me to answer

Wrinkles and Florinda came with he welsh-rathly very triumphant.
There," said Florinda. "Soon as these are finished, I must go home. It is firstled, I must go home. It is firstled. Pour the ale, Grief."

There was a little red lamp hanging on a pile of stones to warn people that the street was being repaired. the welsh-rabbits very triumphant. "There," said Fiorinda. "Soon as these are finished, I must go home. It is after II o'clock. Pour the ale, Grief."

At a later time Purple Sanderson entered from the world. He huns up his hat and case a look of proper finance, discrete from at the remnants of cial dissatisfaction at the remnants of the feast. "Who has been"—

"Before you breathe, Purple, you make the present graceless sum, let me tell you that we will stand no reference to the two said Wrinkles. "That gives us quite a said Wrinkles." will stand no reference to viole's here," said Pennoyer,

"Oh, that's all right, Purple," said

Wrinkles reached for his guntar and played a seremade. "The silver moon is shining"—
"Dry up," said Feanoyer.
Then Florinda cried again: "What does he look sideways for?"
Pennoyer and Grief giggled at the injecturbable Hawker who destroyed weigh-rabbit it silence.

eagerness of a good player. The faces free solemn with the gambling solemnity. "Now, you Indians." said Grief, dealing. "A draw, you understand, and tons a show-down."

firen a show-down." Florinda leaned forward in her chair Figure a seamed forward in her chair until it was poised on two legs. The sards of Purple Sanderson and of Hawler were faced toward her. Hawker scanned a little pair of sevens. "They draw, don't they?" she said to Grief. "Cartainly," said Grief. "How many, Wrink?"

"Beats the," said Grief, "Billie, you are the fortunate man. Heaven guide you on Third avenue."

Floringa had gone to the window. "Who won?" she asked, wheeling about

Did he?" she said in sur-

"Never mind, Splutter, I'll win some-time," said Pennoyer, "Me, too," cried Grief, "Good night, old girl," said Wrinkles, "hey crowded in the door-way, "Hold onto Billie, Remember the two steps going up," Pennoyer called intelligently into the stygian black-ness, "Can you now all right."

The street in front was being repaired.

It had been said by imbeelle residents of the vicinity that the paying was never allowed to remain down for a sufficient time to be invalided by the tramping millions, but that it was kept tramping millions, but that it was kept tramping in little mountains through the unrecasing vicinance of a divan creaked as he turned bis face. ramping millions, but that it was kept erpetually stacked in little mountains brough the unceasing vigilance of a fixnows and heroic city government, high insisted that everything should virtuous and heroic city government, which insisted that everything should be repaired. The alderman for the district had sometimes asked indignantly of his fellow members why this ztreet had not been repaired, and they, aroused, had at once ordered it to be

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PART IV.

(Continued from last Sunday.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Penny," mild Grief looking across avenue behind them was no more than a level stream of yellow light, and the distant merry bells might have been on boats floating down it. Grim loneli-

in a lake of the hills.

He returned her glance. "Florinda," he cried, as if enlightened, and gulping suddenly at something in his throat. The girl studied the steps and moved

CHAPTER XXV.

"Fil get my check from the Gamin on Saturday," said Grief, "They bought

We can have a table d'hote on

Priday night."
However, the cashier of the Gamin office looked under his respectable brass wiring and said: "Very sorry,

"Oh, that's all right, Purple," said Grief, "but you were going to say something about the two violets right then. Weren't you now, you old bat?" Sanderson grinned expectantly. "What's the row?" said be. "No row attail," they told him. "Just an agreement to keep you from chattering obstimately about the two violets?"
"What two violets?"
"Have a rabbit, Purple," advised Wrinkles, "and never mind those many time after 10."
"Oh, doesn't mabler," said Grief. When he pituaged into the den, his visue farmed with rage. "Don't get my check until Monday morning eny time after 10," he yelled and flung a particilo of mortiled green into the danger zone of the Casmin

riamiscs."
"Thunder," said Pennoyer, sinking
"Well, what is this business about
two violets!"
"Oh, it is just some dream. They
"Monday morning any time after 10,"
murmured Wrinkles in astorashment

"Oh, it is just some dream. They gibber at anything."
"I think I know," said Florinda nodding. "It is something that concerns Billie Hawker.

Grief and Pennoyer scoffed, and Wrinkles said: "You know nathing about it, Splatter. It doesn't concern Billie Hawker at all."
"Well, then, what is he looking sideways for?" cried Folrinda.

Wrinkles reached for his guitar and played a seremade. "The suyer moon more meals coming."
"Oh, it is just some dream. They murmured Wrinkles in astorishment and sorrow.

Wife Grief marched to and fro threatening the turnbure Personer and Wrinkles allowed dreir under jaws to fall and remained a series in astorishment and sorrow.

Wife Grief marched to and fro threatening the turnbure Personer and Wrinkles allowed dreir under jaws to fall and remained Wrinkles in astorishment and sorrow.

"Oh, well"- said Wrinkles. He took

The region of the state of the desired of the state of the s

Once he arrive and lighted a pipe. He returned to the easel and stood staring with his hand in his pockets. He moved like one in a sleen. Suddenly the gleun ruct into his eyes again. He dropped to the stool and grabbed a brush. At the end of a certain long tunnelte us period he climied his pipe more firmly in his teeth and ouffed strongly. The thought might have occurred to him chart it was not alight, for he looked or it with a vague, over for he looked on it with a vigue, query tioning glane. There came another knock at the door. "Go to the devil," he shouled without turning his head.

Wrink?"

"Four," replied Wrinkles plaintively.

"Gimme three," said Pennoyer.

"Gimme three," said Sanderson.

"Gimme three," said Hawker.

When he picked up his hand again,
Fiorinda's chair was tilted perilously.

She saw another seven added to the
little pair. Sanderson's draw had not

"Hinzes" said Hollanden, recovering showly from this onslaught. "Who—if they when—how did you Indians find it could no

She saw ahother sorts draw had not instincted him.

"Same to the dealer," said Grief.
"What you got, Wrink?"
"Nothing," said Grief, exhibiting it face upward on the table. "Good-bye, Florinda,"
"Well, I've got two small pair," ventured Pennayer, hopefully.
"No good," replied Sanderson. "Two pair—acces up"
"No good," said Hawker. "Three "Sanderson." "Well, she was a girl."
"Yes, Goon."
"Yes, Goon."
"A New York girl."

"Yes. Go on."
"A New York girl."
"Yes. Go official."
"Yes. Go official."
"A perfectly scunning New York girl.

It was a common hab? of Purple Sanderson to call attention at night to the resemblance of the den to some ittle

meenigently into the sivgian blackness. "Can you see all right?"

Florinds fived in a flat with fire escapes written all over the face of it. The street in front was being repaired. It had been said by imbeelle residents of the vicinity.

thought it much like the others."

"Well, so did I," he cried hastliy.

"The same figures moving around in the mud of modern confusion. I really didn't intend to say that I liked it. Fact is— meeting you has rather moved me out of my mental track."
"Mental track?" she said. "I didn't know clever people had mental tracks. I thought it was a privilege of the theologies."

o told you I was clever?" he ded.

demanded.
"Why —" she said opening "eyes wider, "Nobody."
Hawker smiled and looked upon her with gratitude. "Of course! 'Nobody!' There couldn't be such an idiot, I am sure you should be astonished.
I am sure you should be astonished.

"But I think you might have spoken s bluntly."
"Well," she said, after wavering for time, "you are clever, aren't you?"
"Certainly," he answered, reassur-

ingly.
"Well, then?" she retorted, with tri-

"Well, then?" she retorted, with triumph in her tone. And this interrogation apparently was to her the final
victorious argument.

At his discomfiture Hawker grinned.
"You haven't asked news of Stanley," he said. "Why didn't you ask
news of Stanley?"

"Oh, and how was he?"

"The last I saw of him he stood
down at the end of the pasture—the
pasture, you know—wagging his tall
in blissful anticipation of an invitation
to come with me, and when it finally
dawned upon him that he was not to
receive it, he turned and went back
toward the house 'like a man suddenly
stricken with age,' as the story writers eloquently say. Poor old dog."

"And you left him?" she said with
reproach. Then she asked:

"Do you remember how he amused
you playing with the ants at the falls?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Near the door, the stout proprietress sat entrenched behind the cash-desk in a Parisian manner. She looked with practiced amiability at her guests who dined noisily and with great fire, discussing momentous problems furiously, making wild maniacal gestures through the cigarette smoke. Meanwhile the little handful of waiters ran to and frowildly. Imperious and importunate cries rang at them from all directions. "Gustave! Adolphe!" Their faces expressed a settled despair They answered calls, commands, oaths, in a semi-distracted fleeting among the tables as if pursued by some dodging animal. Their breaths came in gasps. If they had been convict laborers they could not have surveyed their positions with countenances of more unspeak, able injury. Withal, they carried into the cash-desk in a proprietary way, you know. And then she considers that she ower you some kind of obedience and allegiance and devotion. I remember last week I said to her: You can go now. Come again Friday. But she said: "I don't think I can come Friday. Billie Hawker Is how have surveyed their positions with countenances of more unspeak, able injury. Withal, they carried into the proprietary way, you know. And then she couldn't come on Friday. Billie Hawker Is the basn't engaged you for Friday, has he? Well, then, I engage you now.' But she shook her head. No, she couldn't come on Friday. Billie Haw-box way home and he might want become of the proprietary way way to be sufficient to the proprietary way. Hollanden crossed the corridor then wildly. Imperious and importunate able injury. Withal, they carried in credible masses of dishes and thrended their ways with skill. They served people with such speed and violence that it often resembled a personal as-sault. They struck two blows at a table and left there a knife and a fork. Then came the viands in a volley. The clutter of this business was loud and bewilderingly rapid like the gallop of

"Yes. Go ahead."

"A perfectly renuming New York girl of a very wealthy and rather old-faal-loned family."

"Well, I'll be shed! You don't mean it? She is pracheally scated on too of the Matterhorn. Poor old Bille!"

"Not at all," said Hollanden composedly.

It was a common hab? of Purple
Sanderson to call attention at right to lemmerable cirgarettes. The long. inaumerable cirgarettes. The long, black claret bottles were in clusters upon the tables. At the end of the hall, two men with maudlin gring sang the waltz uprogrously, but always a triffe belated.

An unsteady person leaning back in his chair to murmur swift complaints to a woman at another table, suddenly sprawled out upon the floor. He scrambled to his feet and turned to for Billie Hawker?"

Wrinkles fretted through some oaths, "How in thunder do I know?" The divan creaked as he turned his face to the wall, "Well," muttered Pennoyer.

"Well," muttered Pennoyer.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The harmony of summer sunlight on leaf and blade of green was not known to the windows, which looked forth to the windows the accident. They exchanged as art to the woman, heatedly blaming him for the accident. They exchanged as the turned in thinks on the cardent. And stunning find thing of the windows the find thing of the windows the woman the windows the find thing of the windows the find thing of the woman the standed by the this winds the cardent. Hawker gestured at the pleated. Hawker grad with the windows the find thing of the windows the find thing of the scaled by the find thing of the scaled b

se middle of this turmoil the passes, as middle of this turmoil the passes, as med, Spanish music. The profor of the plate of the pla

punch him."
"No, he isn't. They never do," said Hawker morosely. "Why did you bring me here tonight, Hollie?" studio, s and rem
"1? I bring you? Good heavens, I painted."

bring me here tonight, Hollie?"

"I? I bring you? Good heavens, I came as a concession to you. What are you talking about? Hi, the little one is going to punch him—sure?"

He gave the scene his undivided attention for a moment. Then he turned again. "You will become correct. I know you will. I have been watching. You are about to achieve a respectability that will make a stone saint blush for himself. What's the matter with you? You act as if you thought falling in love with a girl was a most extraordinary cfreunstance. I wish they would put those people out. Of course, I know that you—there! The little one has wiped at him at last."

After a time he resumed his oration. "Of course, I know that you are not reformed in the matter of this uproar and this remarkable consumption of bad, wine. It is not that, It is a fact that there are indications that some other clitizen was fortunate enough to possess your napkin before you, and moreover you are sure that you would hate to be caught by your correct friends with such consomme in from of you as we had tonight. You have got an eye suddenly for all kinds of gilt. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Oh, look—the little one and the proprietor are having it now. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Oh, look—the little one and the proprietor are having it now. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Oh, look—the little one and the proprietor are having it now. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Oh, look—the little one and the proprietor are having it now. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Oh, look—the little one and the proprietor are having it now. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Oh, look—the little one had the proprietor are having it now. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Oh, look—the little one had the proprietor are having it now. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Oh, look—the little one had the possess your napkin before you, and moreover you are sure that you would hate to be caught by your correct friends with such consomme in front of you as we had tonight. You have got an eye suddenly for all kinds of gilt. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Oh, look—the little one and the proprietor are having it now. You are in the way of becoming a most unbearable person. Presently many of your friends will not be fine enough—in heaven's name, why don't they throw him out! Are they going to how! and gesticulate there all night?"

going to how and gesticulate there an night?"

"Well," said Hawker, "a man would be a fool if he did like this dinner."

"Certainly, But what an immaterial part of the glory of this joint is the dinner. Who cares about the dinner? No one comes here to eat—that's what you always claimed. Well there, at last they are throwing him out. I hope he lands on his head. Really, you know, Billie, it's such a fine thing to be in love that one is sure to be 65-testable to the reason they created a proverb to the other effect. You want to look out."

a finger at the critical time. Very fine girl, Florinda. And honest, too. Honest as the devil. Very curious thing. Of course honesty among the girl mod-

couldn't come on Friday. Billie Haw-ker was home, and he might want her any day. 'Well, then,' said I, 'you have my permission to do as you please,

since you are resolved upon it anyway. Go to you Billie Hawker.' Did you need her on Friday?' "No" said Hawker.
"Well, then, the minx, I shall scold "Well, then, the minx, I shall scold her. Stunning figure—stunning. It was only last week that old Charley Master said to me mournfully: "There are no more good models. Great Scott, not a one. "You're 'way off, my boy,' I said. "There is one good model.' And then I named your girl. I mean the girl who claims to be yours."

"Poor little beggar," said Hollanden. "Who?" said Pontiac.
"Florinda." answered Hollanden. "I suppose—"

Pontiac interrupted, "Oh, of course, it is too bad. Everything is too bad. My dear sir, nothing is so much to be regretted as the universe. But this Florinda is such a sturdy young soul. The world is against her but, bless your heart, she is equal to the battle. She is strong in the manner of a little child. Why, you don't know her. She —"

"Go on. I'm not interrupting you."
"Well, that's all. Excepting that everything was charming in color and I thought what a lazy, beautiful life the man must lead, lounging in such a studio, smoking monogramed cigarettes and remarking how had all other man and remarking how bad all other men

how badly the other men paint.
"That's it. You've hit it. That's pre-

"Begin."
"Well, in the first place—" "In the first place—what?"
"Well, I started to study when I was very poor, you understand, Look here, I'm telling you these things because I want you to know, somebow, It isn't that I'm not assumed of it. Well, I bears you to know, as the limit of the limit is the limit is the limit is the limit is the limit in the limit is the limit is the limit in the limit in the limit is the limit in the limit is the limit in the limit in the limit in the limit is the limit in the began very poor and I—as a maker of fact—I—well, I carned myself over half the money for my studying over half money for my studying and the er half I bulled and budgered and other half I builded and badgered and beat out of my poor old dad. I worked pretty hard in Paris and I returned here expecting to become a great painter at once. I didn't though. In fact, I had my worst moments then. It lasted for some years, Of course, the faith and endurance of my father was by this time worn to a shadow. Tots time when I needed him the most. However, things got a little better and a little better until I found that by working qube hard I could make what was so me a fair income. That's where I am now, too,"

"Four!" whispered Pennoyer aid wrinkles.
"Four!" whispered Pennoyer aid wrinkles.
"How, they're going in. Hear them cryout. 'Oh, isn't it lovely!" Jinks!" He began a noiseless dance about the room. "Jinka, don't I wish I had a big stadio and a little reputation. Wouldn't I heve my swell friends conte to see me and wouldn't I entertain "em". He adopted a descriptive manner and with his forefinger indicated various blank spaces of the wall. "Here's a little thing I did in Brittany, Peasant woman in sabots. This brown part here is the peasant woman and those two white things are sabots.

"Fin not scolding at you. There

"Timey held fierce pantomimic argument. From the corridor came sounds with the close two white things are sabots."

"Look here, Splutter, let up on that, "Look here, S then, Wrinkles.
y cur. "Hollie is there, too," whispered room. "Jinks, don't I wish I had a big studio and a little reputation. Wouldn't I have my swell friends come to see me and wouldn't I entertain 'em." He adopted a descriptive man-ner and with his forefinger indicated various blank spaces of the wall. "Here's a little thing I did in Brittany. Peasant woman in sabots. This brown part here is the peasant woman and those two white things are sabots. part here is the peasant woman those two white things are sabots. Peasant woman in sabots, don't you see? Women in Brittany of course all wear sabots, you understand. Convenience of the painters. I see you are looking at that little thing I did in Morocco. Ah, you admire it? Well, looking at that little thing I did in
Did
morocco. Ah, you admire it? Well,
not so bad—not so bad. Arab smoking
pipe squatting in doorway. This long
pipe squatting in doorway. This long
streak here is the pipe. Clever, you
say? Oh, thanks. You are too kind.
Well, all Arabes do that, you know. Soic
ter
no
occupation. Convenience of the painters. Now, this little thing here I did
t a

Variose Grand canal you know. ers. Now, this little thing here I did in Venice. Grand canal, you know. Gondoller learning on his our. Convenience of the painters. Oh, yes, American subjects are well enough, but hard to find, you know, hard to find. Morecco, Venice, Brittany, Holland— all ablaze with color, you know—quaint form—all that. We are so hideously modern over here. And besides nobody has painted us much. How the devil can I paint America when nobody has done it before me? My dear sir, are in his studio, Hawaer sanara a pre-ciasping his knee with thoughtful inter-locked fingers. He was gazing sourly at his finished picture. Once he started to his feet with a cry of vexation. Looking back over his absulder, he swore an insult into the face of the picture. He paced to and fro smoking helligers my and from time to time eve-My dear sir, nothing is so much to be regretted as the universe. But this Florinda is such a sturdy young soul. The world is against her but bless your heart, she is equal to the battle. She is strong in the manner of a little child. Why, you don't know her. She..."

"I know her very well,"
"Well, perhaps you do, but for my part I think you don't appreciate her formidable character. And stunning figure-stunning."

"Damn it," said Hawker to his coffee cup, which he had accidentally overturned.

"Well, "resumed Dantes."

"I know her very well,"
"East a little Holland thing of mine-it..."

The others had evidently not been heeding him. "Shut up!" said Wrinkles suddenly. "Listen!" Grief paused his harangue and they sat in silence, their lips apart, their eyes from time to time exchanging eloquent mes-

CHAPTER XXXI.

swept through the hemiocks and swished roftly against the boulders. In his studio, Hawker'smoked a pipe,

pon the easel facing him.

When Hollanden entered he stopped

when riomanden entered he stopped abruptly at sight of the great scowl. What's wrong now?' he said.

Hawker gestured at the picture. "That dunce of a thing! It makes me

They motioned at her violentity. "Sh," they whitspered. Their contenances were very impressive.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" said Florinda in her ordinary tone. Whereupon they made gestures of still greater withness. "Sh-s-sh."

Florinda lowered her voice properly. "Who is over there?"

"Some swells," they whitspered. Florinda bended her head. Presently she gave a little start. "Who is over there?" Her voice became a tone of deep owe. "She?"

Why, said Florinda, "you know. She. The—the girl that B.Hie likes?"

Pennover hesitated for a moment and then said wratafully: "Of course she is. Who do you s'pose?"

"Oh," said Florinda. She took a seat upon the divan which was privately a coal box and unbuttoned her jacket at the throat. "Is she—is she very handsome, Wrink?"

Wrinkles renked stoully, "No."

Grief saffi: "Let's make a sneak down the hall to the Ettle unoccupled room at the front of thee building and look from the window there. When they go out we can pipe 'em off."

"Come out!" they exessimed, accepting accepting this poin with give.

Wrinkles opened the door and seemed to gilde away, when he sudderly unried and shook his head. "It's dead wrong" be said ashamed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As Hawker entered again the room of the great windows he glanced in sidelong bitterness at the chandeller. When he was scated, he looked at it in open defiance and hatred.
"I came to tell you," he began. "I came to tell you that perhaps I am go-

accepting this poin while gees.

Wrinkles opened the door and seemed to glide away, when he and derry curried and shook his head. "It's dead wrong' he said, askamed.

"Oh, go on," engerly whispered the others. Presently they stole pattering down the corridor grinning, exclaiming and catathoning each other.

At the window Pennoyer said: "Now, for heaven's rake, don't let them see you. Be careful, Grief, you'll tumble. Bon't lean on me that way, Wrink. Think I'm a barn-door? Look out! Here they come! Don't let them see you! Keep back!"

"O-o-oh," said Grief, "Talk about a peach. Well I should say so,"
Florinda's fingers tore at Wrinkles' coat steeve. "Wrink! Wrink! Is that her? Is that her? On the left of Bulle? Is that her? Wrink! "What? Yes. Stop pinching me, Yes, I tell you. That's her. Are you deat?" came to tell you that perhaps I am going away."

"Going away?" she cried. "Where."

"Well, I don't know—quite. You see, I am rather indefinite as yet. I thought of going for the winter somewhere in the southern states. I am decided merely this much, you know—I am going somewhere. But I don't know just where. "Way off, anyhow."

"We shall be very sorry to lose you," she remarked. "We"—

"And I thought," he continued, "that I would come and say 'adios' now for fear that I might leave very suddenly. I do that sometimes. I'm araid you will forget me very soon, but I want to tell you that."

"Why," said the girl in some surprise. "you speak as if you were going

In the evening Pennoyer conducted Florinda to the flat of many fire escapes. After a period of silent tramping through the great golden avenue and the street that was being repaired, she said: "Penny, you are very good to me." "Why," said the girl in some surprise, "you speak as if you were going for ail time! You surely do not mean to utterly desert New York?"

"I thin! you misunderstand me," be said. "I give this important air to my farewell to you because to me it is a very important event. Perhaps you recollect that once I told you that I cared for you. Well, I still care for you, and so I can only go away somewhere—some place 'way off—where—where—see." "Why?" said Pennoyer.
"Oh, because you are. You—you are very good to me, Penny."
"Well, I guess I'm not killing my-

fashion."

"And you are not coming back for a long, long time?"

"Not for a long, long time." (He mimiced her tone.) "I have the three violets now, you know, and you must remember that I took the third one even when you flung it at my head. That will remind you how submissive I was in my devotion. When you recall the two others, it will remind you of what I fool I was. Dare say, you won t miss three violets?"

you.—"
"I'm not scolding at you. There,
What a goose you are, Splutter, Don't
for heaven's sake go to whimpering on
the street. I didn't say anything to
make you feel that way. Come, pull
yourself together."
"I'm not whimpering." yourself together."

"I'm not whimpering."

"No, of course you are not, but then you look as if you were on the edge of it. What a little idiot."

what I fool I was. Dare say, you miss three violets?"

"Particularly the one you flung at my head. That violet was certainly freely given."

"I didn't fling it at your head." She

CHAPTER XXXII.

When the snow fell upon the clashing life of the city, the exiled stones, beaten by myriad strange feet, were told of the dark slient forests where the flakes swept through the hemlocks and

the inn."
"So very good of you to tell me so."
Her eyes were still upon the floor.
"Do you know," said Hawker, "it is very hard to go away and leave an impression in your mind that I am a fool; that is very hard. Now, you do think I am a fool, don't you?"
She remained silent. Once she lifted her eyes and gave him a swift look. swore an insult into the face of the picture. He paced to and fro smoking belligerently and from time to time eyeing it. The helpless thing remained upon the easel facing him

have I done?"

It seemed that some tumuit was in her mind for she cried out to him at last in sudden tearfulness: "Oh, do go, Go. Please. I want you to go," Under this swift change Hawker apder this swift change Hawker appeared as a man struck from the sky. He sprang to his feet, took two steps forward and spoke a word, which was an explosion of delight and amaze-

"What?" Hollanden strode forward and stood before the painting with legs apart in a properly critical manner. What? Why, you said it was your best thing."

An explosion of delight and amazement. He said, "What!"

With heroic effort she slowly raised her eyes until, alight with anger, defiance, unhappiness, they met his eyes. Later she told him that he was per-

(The End.)